

# As/Is

2.09.2015

## The Point, Made



Seeds left, softening, somnolence,  
sleep in/beneath a patina of silt,  
salt waves heave above— slow,  
life lived in burrowing downwards—  
de-centered into diaspora, a sense  
(subtly, oil-slicked) of knowing how  
self has/maintains few points of  
coherence along the myriad veins of  
interior time— interiors sans cohesion,  
diabolical densities against coherence,  
beneath vertical turtles bound to their shells—  
dropped seeds crawl as they will.

posted by [Adam Fieled](#) on [Monday, February 09, 2015](#)

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